AUM

This universe existed only in the first divine idea yet unexpanded, as if involved in darkness, imperceptible, undefinable, undiscoverable by reason, and undisclosed by revelation, as if it were wholly immersed in sleep:

Then the sole self-existing power, himself undiscerned, but making this world discernible, appeared with undiminished glory, expanding His idea, or dispelling the gloom.—*Laws of Manu.*

What is here (visible in the world), the same is there (invisible in Brahma), and what is there, the same is here. He who sees any difference here, between Brahman and the world, goes from death to death.—*Katha-Upanishad.*

THE PATH.

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THE good is one thing, the pleasant another: these two having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good: he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end.—*Katha-Upanishad.*

LET Truth be your very self, O King of Kings! On Truth all the worlds rest. Truth is said to be their main principle. Immortality depends on Truth: Truth is the solemn vow of the good.—*Sanatsujatiya.*

THE nature of all things near and dear to us, O King, is such that we must leave them, divide ourselves from them, separate ourselves from them. Pass not away O King, with longing in thy heart. Sad is the death of him who longs, unworthy is the death of him who longs.—*Maha-Sudassana Sutta.*

The Bhagavad-Gita.

(*Continued from November number.*)

Salutation to Krishna! the Lord of Devotion, the God of Religion, the never failing help of those who trust in him.

We now have discovered that the poem is not disfigured by this account of a conflict that begins in the first chapter; to be then dropped while the two great actors retire to their chariot for a discussion. This description of forces, and the first effect on Arjuna of his survey, show us that we are now to learn from Krishna, what is the duty of man in his warfare with all the forces and tendencies of his nature. Instead of the conflict being a blemish to the poem, it is a necessary and valuable portion. We see that the fight is to be fought by every human being, whether he lives in India, or not, for it is raging on the sacred plain of our body. Each one of us, then, is Arjuna.

In the Sanscrit, the first chapter is called "Arjun-Vishad," which in English means, "The despair and despondency of Arjuna." Some have called it "The Survey of Army"; but while truly an Army is surveyed, that is not the essential meaning intended. It is the result of the survey we are to consider; and that result upon Arjuna, who is the person most interested —the one who is the chief questioner and beneficiary throughout the whole action of the poem—is despondency.

The cause of this despondency is to be inquired into.

Arjuna, in the flush of determination, and before any analysis of either the consequences to himself or to others who might become involved, entered the conflict, after having chosen Krishna as his charioteer. The forces are drawn up in line of battle, and he rides out to survey them. At once he sees ranged against him, relatives of every class, in their turn preparing to destroy others, their relatives, friends and acquaintances as well as Arjuna's, who are enlisted on his side. Turning to Krishna, he says that he cannot engage in such a war, that he perceives only evil omens, and that even if the opposers, being ignorant, may be willing to fight with such dreadful consequences in view, he cannot do so, but must give up the battle 'ere it is begun. Thereupon:

"Arjuna, whose heart was troubled with grief, let fall his bow and arrows, and sat down on the bench of his chariot."

Every student of Occultism, Theosophy or true religion,—all being the one thing—will go through Arjuna's experiences. Attracted by the beauty or other seductive quality, for him, of this study, he enters upon the prosecution of it, and soon discovers that he arouses two sets of forces.

One of them consists of all his friends and relations who do not view life as he does, who are wedded to the "established order," and think him a fool for devoting any attention to anything else, while the general mass of his acquaintances and those whom he meets in the world, instinctively array themselves against one who is thus starting upon a crusade that begins with his own follies and faults, but must end in a condemnation of theirs, if only by the force of example. The other opponents are far more difficult to meet, because they have their camp and base of action upon the Astral and other hidden planes; they are all his lower tendencies and faculties, that up to this time have been in the sole service of material life. By the mere force of moral gravity, they fly to the other side, where they assist his living friends and relatives in their struggle against him. They have more efficiency in producing despondency than anything else. In the poem, it is referred to in the words addressed by Arjuna to Krishna:

"I am not able to stand; for my understanding, as it were turneth round, and I behold inauspicious omens on all sides."

All of us are brought to this study by our own request made to our Higher Self, who is Krishna. Arjuna requested Krishna to be his charioteer, and to drive him forth between the two armies. It does not matter whether he now is consciously aware of having made the request, nor whether it was made as a specific act, in this life or in many another precedent one; *it was made and it is to be answered at the right time.* Some of us have asked this many times before, in ancient births of ours in other bodies and other lands; others are making the request now; but it is more than likely in the case of those who are spurred on to intense effort and longing to know the truth, and to strive for unity with God, that they have put up the petition ages since. So now Krishna, the charioteer of this body with its horses—the mind—drives us forth so that we may stand with our Higher Self and all the tendencies connected with it on one side, and all the lower (but not all necessarily evil) principles on the other. The student may, perhaps, with ease face the crowd of friends and relatives, having probably gone through that experience in other lives and is now proof against it, but he is not proof against the first dark shadow of despair and ill result that falls upon him. Every elemental that he has vivified by evil thinking now casts upon him the thought,

"After all, it is no use; I cannot win; If I did, the gain would be nothing; I can see no great or lasting result to be attained, for all, all, is impermanent."

This dreadful feeling is sure in each case to supervene, and we might as well be prepared for it. We cannot always live on the enthusiasm of heavenly joys. The rosy hue of dawn does not reach round the world; it chases darkness. Let us be prepared for it, not only at the first stage, but

all along in our progress to the Holy seat; for it comes at each pause; at that slight pause when we are about to begin another breath, to take another step, to pass into another condition.

And here it is wise, turning to the 18th, and last, chapter of the poem, to read the words of the Immortal Master of life:

"From a confidence in thy own self-sufficiency thy mayest think that thou wilt not fight. Such is a fallacious determination, *for the principles of thy nature will compel thee*. Being confined to actions by the duties of thy natural calling, *thou wilt involuntarily do that from necessity*, which thou wantest through ignorance to avoid."

In this, Krishna uses the very argument advanced by Arjuna against the fight, as one in its favor. In the chapter we are considering, Arjuna repeats the Old Brahmanical injunction against those who break up the "eternal institutions of caste and tribe," for, as he says, the penalty annexed is a sojourn in hell, since, when the caste and tribe are destroyed, the ancestors being deprived of the rites of funeral-cakes and libations of water,[1] fall from heaven, and the whole tribe is thus lost. But Krishna shows, as above, that each man is naturally, by his bodily tendencies, compelled to do the acts of some particular calling, and that body with its tendencies are merely the manifestation of what the inner man is, as the result of all his former thoughts up to that incarnation. So he is forced by nature's law—which is his own—to be born just where he must have the experience that is needed. And Arjuna, being a warrior, is compelled to fight, whether he will or no.

In another chapter, the institution of caste is more particularly referred to, and there we will have occasion to go into that subject with more detail.

As stated in the last paper, the substratum, or support, for the whole Cosmos, is the presiding spirit, and all the various changes in life, whether of a material nature or solely in mental states, are cognizable because the presiding spirit within is not modifiable. Were it otherwise, then we would have no memory, for with each passing event, we, becoming merged in it,

1 This reference by Arjuna is to the immemorial custom of the son, or descendants, offering to the departed, at stated times, funeral-cakes and water, called "Shradda and Pinda"—one of the so-called superstitions of the Hindus.

It has always been a grave question with me, whether the boasted "freedom from superstition," of Western 19th century civilization is an unmixed good, or any evidence of real progress. All such ancient forms have been swept away, and with them nearly every vestige of true religious feeling, leaving only an unquenchable thirst for money and power. In the present ignorance of the true reason at the bottom of these forms, the assertion is made that they mean nothing whatever. But in the Catholic church it is continued, and to some extent believed in, as is shown in their masses for the dead; surely these masses would not be offered if supposed to have no effect on the state of those for whom they are offered.

Although greatly corrupted and debased, it is in this church alone that these old practices are preserved. *Shradda* and *Pinda* are now neglected, because the inner constitution of man, and the constitution of the Macrocosm, are not understood in such a way as to make the ceremony of the slightest use.—W. B.

could not remember anything, that is, we would see no changes. There must therefore be something eternally persisting, which is the witness and perceiver of every passing change, itself unchangeable. All objects, and all states of what western philosophers call Mind, are modifications, for in order to be seen or known by us, there must be some change, either partial or total, from a precedent state. The perceiver of these changes is the inner man—Arjuna-Krishna.

This leads us to the conviction that there must be a universal presiding spirit, the producer as well as the spectator, of all this collection of animate and inanimate things. The philosophy taught by Krishna, holds, that at first this spirit—so called, however, by me only for the purpose of the discussion—remained in a state of quiet with no objects, because as yet there was no modification. But, resolving to create, or rather to emanate the universe, IT formed a picture of what should be, and this at once was a modification willingly brought about in the hitherto wholly unmodified spirit; thereupon the Divine Idea was gradually expanded, coming forth into objectivity, while the essence of the presiding spirit remained unmodified, and became the perceiver of its own expanded idea. Its modifications are visible (and invisible) nature. Its essence then differentiates itself continually in various directions, becoming the immortal part of each man—the Krishna who talks to Arjuna. Coming like a spark from the central fire, it partakes of that nature, that is, the quality of being unmodifiable, and assumes to itself—as a cover, so to speak—the human body[1] and thus, being in essence unmodified, it has the capacity to perceive all the changes going on around the body.

This *Self* must be recognized as being within, pondered over, and as much as possible understood, if we are to gain any true knowledge.

We have thus quickly, and perhaps in an inadequate way, come down to a consideration of Arjuna as composed of all these generals and heroes enumerated in this chapter, and who are as we said, the various powers, passions and qualities included in the Western terms, "Brain and Mind."

Modern, physical, mental and psychological sciences, have as yet but scratched the surface of that which they are engaged in examining. Physical science confessedly is empiric, knowing but the very outposts of the laws of nature; and our psychology is in a worse state. The latter has less chance for arriving at the truth than physical science, because scientists are proceeding to a gradual demonstration of natural laws by careful examination of facts easily observable, but psychology is a something which demands the pursuit of another method than that of science, or those now observed.

It would avail nothing at present to specify the Aryan nomenclature

1 It is also, of course, inherent in all nature.—W. B.

for all the sheaths—as they call them—that envelope the soul, because we as yet have not acquired the necessary ideas. Of what use is it to say that certain impressions reside in the *Anandamaya* sheath. But there is such an one, whether we call it by that name or by any other. We can, however, believe that the soul, in order to at last reach the objective plane where its experience is gained, places upon itself, one after the other, various sheaths, each having its peculiar property and function. The mere physical brain is thus seen to be only the material organ first used by the real percipient in receiving or conveying ideas and perceptions ; and so with all the other organs, they are only the special seats for centralizing the power of the real man in order to experience the modifications of nature at that particular spot.

Who is the sufferer from this despondency ?

It is our false personality, (as it has been called in Theosophical literature) as distinguished from Krishna—the higher self—which is oppressed by the immediate resistance offered by all the lower part of our nature, and by those persons with whom we are most closely connected, as soon as we begin to draw them away from all old habits, and to present a new style of thinking for their consideration.

For Arjuna, sinking down upon the seat of that chariot which is his body, fell back upon his own nature, and found therein the elements of search and courage, as well as those previous ones of gloom which arise first, being nearer the natural man. Reliance and pressure upon our own inner nature, in moments of darkness, are sure to be answered by the voice of Krishna, the inner guide.

The first consequences of the despondency

Are, to make us feel that the battle we have invited ought not to be carried on, and we then are almost overwhelmed with the desire to give it up. Some do give it up, to begin it again, in a succeeding life, while others like Arjuna, listen to the voice of Krishna, and bravely fight it out to the end.

"Thus, in the Upanishads, in the holy Bhagavad-Gita, in the science of the Supreme Spirit, in the Book of Devotion, in the colloquy between the Holy Krishna and Arjuna, stands the first chapter by name :

"THE DESPONDENCY OF ARJUNA."

Salutation to the God of battles, to the charioteer, to him who disposeth the forces aright, who leadeth us on to victory, with whom alone success is certain : that he may guide us to where the never-dying light shineth : Om !

WILLIAM BREHON.

(*To be continued.*)

Songs of the Unseen.

I.

EFFLUX AND INFLUX.

When Brahma opes his golden door,
  What ambient shapes of Life and Light,
What radiant tides of Being pour
  With song into the dazzled night!
The winds that fashion worlds take flight,
Glad heralds of the Sons of Might;
And dancing stars trip on before
When Brahma opes his golden door.

When Brahm would close his gates supreme,
  With Life's vast ebb his halls are strown.
Thunders, and powers, and forms that teem,
  Fear to be shut in space alone.
Along the meteoric foam
World after world comes shuddering home.
The last pale hours slip swift between
And Brahm hath closed his gates supreme.

II.

RECOLLECTION.

When from mysterious spheres outflows
  A Voice that calls my hidden name,
The world's strong ties like bubbles break
  Against its ancient claim.
"*Have I forgot thee? Never!*
No Age our bond can sever.
I love thee now, as I have ever,
And ever shall, forever!"

In vain my heart seeks earthly homes,
  In vain my thought declares me free.
Those mighty tones sweep o'er my soul,
  And they are one with me.
"*Can'st thou forget me? Never!*
What power the bond can sever?
Then love me now, as thou hast ever,
And ever shalt, forever."

ENVOI.

When Brahma opes his golden door
Within the soul, rich visions soar:
But desolation reigns, I ween,
When Brahm hath closed that gate Supreme.

J. Campbell Ver Planck.

The Theosophical Meaning of Goethe's Faust.

[A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MALDEN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.]

In Two Parts.

PART II.

In passing to the second part of Faust, we find quite a change in the character of the poem; the interest in the strictly personal career of Faust lessens, the limitations of space and time become more vague and indistinct; we pass from what Mephistopheles called the lesser to the greater world. Activity in the state, in humanity in general, characterizes the second part; we have gone through the contest in Faust's own mind, then in the family, and in the limited civic relations shown in the Gretchen episode; Faust has turned from his care for pure self to something higher, and we shall see this broaden out still more now. The first part was all within a short space of time, and the scene was all in or near a German city of some medieval period. Now we find medieval emperors and their courts, Helen and Menelaus, and hints at men of the present century, mingled, orderly enough with regard to their poetic and inner significance, but without any regard for chronology. In its main lines, the plot, if so we may call it, of this part, follows the medieval Faust legend; the making of gold, the bringing of Helen, the winning a battle, and the contest with the devil at death; these four are here reproduced, but with a much higher and broader significance. The making of gold, the material gold, is transformed into a myth of industry, the development of wealth by modern progress, its value when guided by the ideal, beneficent to all; but when wealth is sought for itself, destructive to self and all. The bringing of Helen, the "teufelin" from Mephistopheles' own home, is transformed into a representation of the love of the beautiful and of culture, as a necessary stage in man's progress.

The winning of a battle for the emperor is transformed into a study of true and false governments; and the last scene is changed from the devil's triumphantly claiming his bargain, to the final victory of unselfish endeavor. Through all these the line of Faust's development follows, not always in clear sight, but always moving forward.

The introduction to the second part shows Faust, asleep, among the forms and spirits of bright, natural, elemental life. These are to wipe away from his brain the remembrance of the past, that he may awake afresh to a new career. We may see in this much resemblance to the subjective state between two incarnations, when the sorrowful remembrances of the past fade out, and the man begins his new career with refreshed

energy. Faust so awakens, looking round at the bright landscape with delight. In his soliloquy, we will do well to notice these lines, showing his changed mental attitude.

"Life's pulses now with fresher force awaken
To greet the mild ethereal twilight o'er me ;
This night, thou, Earth ! hast also stood unshaken
And now thou breathest new-refreshed before me,
And now beginnest, all thy gladness granting,
A vigorous resolution to restore me,
To seek that highest life for which I'm panting.
The world unfolded lies in twilight glimmer,
A thousand voices in the grove are chanting ;
Vale in, vale out, the misty streaks grow dimmer ;
The deeps with heavenly light are penetrated ;
The boughs, refreshed, lift up their leafy shimmer
From gulfs of air where sleepily they waited ;
Color on color from the background cleareth,
Where flower and leaf with trembling pearls are freighted :
And all around a Paradise appeareth.

Look up ! The mountain summits, grand, supernal,
Herald, e'en now, the solemn hour that neareth ;
They earliest enjoy the light eternal
That later sinks, till here below we find it.
Now to the Alpine meadows, sloping vernal,
A newer beam descends ere we divined it,
And step by step unto the base hath bounded ;
The sun comes forth ! Alas, already blinded,
I turn away, with eyesight pierced and wounded !

'Tis thus, when, unto yearning hope's endeavor,
Its highest wish on sweet attainment grounded,
The portals of fulfilment widely sever ;
But if there burst from those eternal spaces
A flood of flame, we stand confounded ever ;
For life's pure torch we sought the shining traces,
And seas of fire—and what a fire !—surprise us.
Is 't Love ? Is 't Hate ? that burningly embraces,
And that with pain and joy alternate tries us ?
So that, our glances once more earthward throwing,
We seek in youthful drapery to disguise us.

Behind me, therefore, let the sun be glowing !
The cataract, between the crags deep-riven,
I thus behold with rapture ever-growing.
From plunge to plunge in thousand streams 'tis given,
And yet a thousand, to the valleys shaded,
While foam and spray in air are whirled and driven.
Yet how superb, across the tumult braided,
The painted rainbow's changeful life is bending,
Now clearly drawn, dissolving now and faded,

And evermore the showers of dew descending !
Of human striving there's no symbol fuller :
Consider, and 'tis easy comprehending—
Life is not light, but the refracted color.

No longer is it a contradiction between the aspiration to gaze directly at truth, and the denial of the possibility of truth ; he realizes that truth is, but also realizes that before he can gaze directly upon it, he must learn to see its reflection in every part of the manifold life around him.

We need not dwell on the next act, the Mythus of Industry, but merely note that, through Faust's suggestions of utilizing the resources of nature, represented under the form of treasures hidden in the earth, the Emperor's court is enriched, and every one feels himself a wealthy man. And now Faust is to furnish amusements before the Emperor, and the scene of Paris and Helen is to be shown. That is to say, the new wealth demands artistic display, but cannot create the beautiful in art : it can only demand it in exchange for money. Faust, by the aid of Mephistopheles, is to furnish it. and to do so must descend to the "Mothers" "throned in venerable solitude," in the void and desolation. Mephistopheles declares that it is nothing, where they dwell : Faust logically concluding that what Mephistopheles, himself the spirit of negation, pronounces nothing, must be distinctly something ; just as in mathematics, the product of two minus quantities is a plus quantity ; and he exclaims "In thy nothing I hope to find the All." And indeed, that which seems to the purely earthly mind to be no existence at all, to be pure annihilation, may be to a higher spiritual insight, the perfection of being. Faust succeeds in abstracting himself from all space and time ; and from the realm of pure form brings back Helen, the impersonation of Greek classic beauty ; but when he exhibits her to the court, he is himself so charmed with her, though a mere shadow, that he tries to seize her, to keep her for himself from Paris, also a shade, who appears with her. The consequence is that both the forms instantly vanish, and Faust falls senseless.

Faust now fully believes in the truth as revealed in beauty ; the old negation of the intellect is gone as far as that is concerned ; but, as he has so often seen, aspiration alone will not give him the truth, and we next find him in the old German University, which he left so long before : no longer he denies the possibility of attaining truth ; he sees where it is, in the form of the beautiful ; but he must rise gradually to it, his soul must gradually grow up to it, through the same steps by which it was developed : as Helen is the perfect flower of classic culture and beauty, Faust must pass through the various forms through which the Greek mythus arose.

Passing over a number of scenes of the drama, for want of time, we come to the Classic Walpurgis Night, where we trace the development of

the Greek idea. First, on the Pharsalian Field, we have a gallery of strange forms, which well illustrate how the divine in man, in his upward progress, gradually overpowers the animal. In this gallery of mythical forms, we first meet a group of three oriental forms: the griffon, half bird and half lion; a colossal ant; and the Arimaspeans, a one eyed race. Next a group of sphinxes, Egyptian forms, in which though the animal predominates, the human is more conspicuous than in the last group. Third, the sirens, Greek forms, in which humanity becomes more preponderant.

Another series begins with the water nymphs, pure children of nature, who beckon Faust on, and charm him by their beauty, but cannot delay him in his pursuit of Helen, the perfection of beauty. Next Chiron, the centaur, the human strongly predominating the animal; useful as a guide and to carry Faust, but not high enough to bring him directly to Helen, or indeed to appreciate the passion for her: he carries Faust to Manto the prophetess, an impersonation of the Ideal as Chiron is of the Practical. He is incessantly in motion, but she gives her character in the line "I wait and time around me wheels"; she can help Faust to find Helen, for when Chiron half sarcastically tells her this is Faust's longing, she replies:

"Him I love that longs for the Impossible."

A saying of Goethe's which comes quite appositely here "To live in the Idea, means to treat the Impossible as if it were possible," may be compared with the eleventh rule in *Light on the Path*, "Desire only that which is unattainable." Through Manto's abode Faust passes to Helen's and we see him no more at present.

In the next act Helen herself appears; not a mere shade, but a living woman; and as in the first part we saw Margaret's fall and redemption, as an episode in Faust's career, though in itself independent, so also the Helena poem may be viewed as independent in itself, or as a part of the Faust drama. We may consider her as she first appears the ideal of beauty, the sensuous beauty of the Greek race; and as Faust to win her must pass through a long experience, so she, to be fitted for Faust, must have her nature changed from this to something higher.

Troy has fallen, and Menelaus has brought back to Greece his recaptured wife; his ship has reached the Spartan shore, and he sends Helena, accompanied by a troop of attendants, captive Trojan women, before him to his palace to have all preparations made for a sacrifice to the gods, as soon as he shall arrive. The Trojan women, who always speak as chorus, represent the purely sensual element; as Mephistopheles represented the negative side of Faust's character, to overcome which is the work of the whole drama, so this chorus represents the lower side of Helena's character, and it is only because she has the capacity for something higher, that she can become, if she can endure the experiences before her, worthy to be the

wife of Faust. The chorus praises her beauty, but she feels that that has been the cause of all the misery that has come upon her, and through her upon her kindred and nation. The chorus has but little sorrow over the past, if only they can enjoy the bright sunshine, and the sensual happiness of the present; but her heart is full of remorse for the past and apprehension for the future; her world-wide fame gives her no satisfaction. As she enters the palace, in which she passed her happy childhood, she now knows not whether she returns as wife and mistress, or as sacrificial victim; and at the family hearth she sees, cowering, a hideous form; she turns to enter the bridal chamber and the form springs up against her, a veritable Dweller of the Threshold; a violent storm of abuse rages between this monster, Phorkyas, and the chorus of Trojan women. The latter symbolically represent the charm of sensual pleasure, the former its evil result; both, though dramatically distinct from Helena, are really parts of her own nature, but she is higher than the sensual longing, and will prove higher than the sharp remorse, which, in the form of Phorkyas, now brings before her with stinging clearness, her many sins and their terrible results; crushed by the weight of these, she sinks to the ground, but rises again, willing to bear the appointed doom, not disputing the justice of her condemnation. Phorkyas is conquered; now she has but to obey, and is ready to aid. Helen's strength of character has now made her fit for Faust, to whom Phorkyas conducts her and the chorus, passing at once from classic Greece to medieval times. We cannot follow all of this but can note that we may consider the whole of the third act as representing Faust, the universal man, gathering to himself the highest possible culture, impersonated in Helena; he makes her wholly his own, his wife. Is not this the highest attainable for man? No, we shall see later that it is not. Helen leaves Faust at the end of this act, returning to Persephone in Hades. She disappears from out Faust's career, but her influence remains forever. The chorus refuses to follow her to the underworld, perferring the pleasures of sunny day, the only pleasure they can comprehend; though with the certainty that it must soon end, and they disappear into the elements to cease to exist as individuals. Panthalis only, the leader of the chorus, turns from them, and descends to Hades, faithful to the queen; faithful service and unselfish devotion gain for her the immortality which her fellows lose. For the descent to Hades is only the passing out of the Faust consciousness, not from existence; the subjective Devachanic consciousness may be, as we know, far stronger than the consciousness of the objective world which we too often look at as the only real one.

Faust has won the highest culture, but instead of crowning his career it will be a curse to him if he stops here. Unless he turn and use all he has acquired for an unselfish end, he will yet lose his forfeit to Mephis-

topheles. As in the tale of the gem,[1] "he who tells not of his gem, and shares it not with all men, must lose it," it is "the stone no man could keep unless he gave it away."

"The true and the Beautiful must now be employed in the service of the Good."

But as we read in the notes to *Light on the Path*: "It is impossible to help others till you have obtained some certainty of your own."

The fourth act shows the outworking of Faust on the world around him; he has formed the plan to reclaim from the sea a new land, and to fill it with his own activity; his individual culture is to be for the benefit of all. To this end he joins the Emperor, now hard pressed by a revolt which threatens to overthrow State and Church. Faust gains the victory over the insurgents, saves the ancient established order, which now reorganizes with all the old abuses; but Faust is granted his strip of land, from which he proceeds to build up a new civilization; not by violent overthrow, but by gradual gain and progress.

In the fifth act we find him, a very old man, still unsatisfied; nowhere has he found the moment which was to fulfill his contract with Mephistopheles. Mephistopheles himself has lately been far less prominent; no longer Faust's guide, he is hardly more than his unwilling servant. True to his spirit of denial, he mocks at the tasks Faust sets to him, but more and more he fulfills his description of himself in the first act. "A part of that power which always wills the bad and always accomplishes the good."

At last, old and blind, comes upon Faust his last struggle, the contest with "Sorge," in this case anxiety for the future, the state after death. Faust is not overcome. "Let a man stand fast here and look about: what need he to sweep into eternity? To the strong man this world is not dumb. Thy might, O Sorge, I shall not recognize." Faster he pushes on his work of providing a happy home for untold generations, and in the enthusiasm of his vision of future ages, pronounces this distant view, the supreme moment of bliss. The promise of Mephistopheles is now fulfilled in the letter: Faust's term on earth is ended—he falls lifeless. But only in the letter is the contract fulfilled: it is by no delight of the senses, by no selfish pleasure, even the highest, that Faust is satisfied. Pure unselfish happiness: he has identified the individual with the all, it is the true brotherhood of humanity, no temptation of Mephistopheles could have done this. Faust dies freed from every personal desire, not in the hope of a reward in the future life, any more than with an unsatisfied longing on earth.

In the first part, the chorus of angels at Easter sang a song of love, but it was met by the denial and unbelief of Faust. Now the same songs of love are sung, but the answer of denial comes from Mephistopheles. In the first

1 Papyrus—The Gem. THE PATH, Vol. I., p. 359.

scene, Mephistopheles had not yet been evolved externally, but was still contained in Faust's soul: the gradual process of evolving Mephistopheles from Faust and freeing the latter from his influence is the story of the whole poem, and now at last the spirits of love find Faust responsive to their invitation. He has fully purified himself from the spirit of denial, which is the same as the spirit of selfishness, of limitation. As the angels sing "Love leads only loving ones in," and "who unceasingly strives, him can we redeem," we see the vindication of the prophecy of the prologue:

> "A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
> Has still an instinct of the one true way."

And as, in the final scene, Faust's soul is borne upward, through sphere after sphere of spiritual glory, to the Queen of Heaven herself, we see again the spirit, "once called Gretchen," who long before called in despair on the Virgin to help her in her need, now again appealing, in almost the same words, but this time joyously asking for the privilege of welcoming the loved one yet dazzled by the new day.

As in Faust, so in Margaret, self is lost in pure devoted love, and at the word of the Mater Gloriosa she rises to higher spheres, there to draw him after her; as the mystic chorus tells, the summing up of the whole wonderful drama, whose meaning every one must feel to the measure of his apprehension, but can hardly express in words.

Alles vergaengliche	All that's impermanent
Ist nur ein Gleichniss.	Is but a likeness.
Das Unzulaengliche	The Unattainable
Hier wird's Ereigniss.	Here findeth witness;
Das Unbeschreibliche	The Indescribable,
Hier ist es gethan;	Here is it done;
Das Ewig-weibliche	The Ever-womanly
Zieht uns heran.	Leadeth us on.[1]

F. S. Collins.

Notes on the Astral Light.

From Eliphas Lévi's Works.

(*Concluded.*)

We have alluded, heretofore, to a substance diffused throughout Infinity: this unique substance is at once Heaven and Earth, that is to say, according to its degrees of polarization, subtile or fixed.

It is this substance that Hermes Trismegistus denominates the great Telesma; when it produces brilliancy, it is called Light; it is this substance that God created, first of all, when He said, "Let there be Light."

It is at once matter and motion, a fluid and a perpetual vibration; and

1 Translation from article "Poetical Occultism," in The Path. Vol. 1, p. 212.

the force that is inherent in it, and sets it in motion, is called Magnetism.

In Infinity, this unique substance is Ether or Etherial Light; in the stars, which it magnetizes, it becomes the Astral Light; in organic beings, magnetic or fluidic light; and in man, the astral body or the plastic medium.

The wills of all intelligent beings act directly upon this light, and through it, on all Nature, which is thus subjected to the modifications of intelligence.

This light is the universal mirror of all thought and all form; it preserves the images of all that has been, the reflections of worlds that have passed away, and, by analogy, the prophecies of worlds that are yet to come. This light, which is called in Hebrew "Aour," is the liquid and living Gold of the Hermetic philosophy; the positive principle is its sulphur, the negative its Mercury; and these principles, when equilibrated, form its Salt. All matter, therefore, is impelled to motion by reason of its double magnetism, and tends, inevitably, to equilibrium; the regularity and variety in this motion, result from different combinations of this equilibrium.

A fluid is matter in active motion, aud constantly agitated by reason of the variation of its equilibrium; a "solid," is the same matter in less active motion; or in apparent repose, because it is more or less solidly equilibrated.

There is no solid that cannot be immediately reduced to powder, dissipated in smoke, and rendered invisible, if the equilibrium of its molecules should suddenly be entirely destroyed; and there is no fluid that cannot be instantly rendered harder than the diamond, if its constituent molecules could be immediately equilibrated.

To direct these two magnetisms, therefore, is to destroy or create, to produce forms or to annihilate them—in a word, to exercise the omnipotence of nature.

Our plastic medium is a magnet that attracts or repels the Astral Light, by the compulsion of the will: it is a luminous body, that reproduces, with the greatest fidelity, the forms that correspond to ideas: it is the mirror of the imagination.

This plastic body is nourished by the Astral Light, precisely as the organic body is nourished by the products of the earth. During sleep, it absorbs the Astral Light, by immersion; and in waking hours, by a kind of respiration, more or less slow.

In natural somnambulism, the plastic medium is surcharged with nutriment, which it does not perfectly assimilate: the will, although fettered by the torpor of sleep, strives to repel the medium; and a reaction, which is to some extent mechanical, ensues, whereby the light of the medium is equilibrated, by means of the movement of the body: this explains why it is dangerous to awaken somnambulists suddenly—for the surcharged medium might, in such cases instantly withdraw to the universal reservoir, and entirely abandon the organs which, at that time, are separated from the

soul, thus causing death. Hallucinations and visions, result from wounds inflicted on the plastic medium, causing local paralysis; sometimes it ceases to radiate, and substitutes images of its own, for the realities existing in the light, sometimes it radiates too powerfully, and condenses itself in some undesirable or fortuitous locality just as the blood settles in excrescences of the flesh: then the chimeras of the brain take form, and we appear to ourselves glorious or deformed, according to the ideal of our hopes or fears.

Hallucinations, being dreams of our waking hours, always presuppose a state analogous to somnambulism, and somnambulism may be regarded as sleep borrowing its phenomena from waking states; hallucination is the waking state, still swayed, in part, by the astral intoxication of sleep. Our fluidic bodies attract and repel one another, according to laws analogous to those of electricity; thus are produced instinctive sympathies and antipathies, which equilibrate each other: for this reason, hallucinations are often contagious; a circle of illusion is formed, and a whole multitude is easily carried away; this is the history of strange apparitions and popular prodigies; thus are explained the performances of the Mediums in America, and the folly of tableturning. Lunatics and idiots are more susceptible to magnetism than persons of sound mind—and the reason is apparent; it requires very little to completely turn the head of a man who has been drinking heavily, and disease is much more easily contracted, when all the organs are predisposed to submit to its impressions, and already manifest its symptoms. Fluidic maladies have their fatal crises; every abnormal tension of the nervous apparatus, leads to a contrary tension, in accordance with the inexorable law of equilibrium; exaggerated love changes to aversion, and all exalted hatred approximates closely to love. The reaction comes with the violence and the suddenness of the thunderbolt. Ignorance is dismayed or indignant—science accepts the inevitable in silence.

The vibrations of the voice modify the movement of the Astral Light, and are powerful factors of magnetism. Baron du Potet says, in his recent book on "Magic," that it is possible to kill by means of magnetism, just as it is by electricity; this revelation has nothing surprising for those who understand the analogies of Nature; it is certain that, by unduly dilating, or suddenly contracting, the plastic medium of a person, it can be separated from his body; cases have been known where one was thus killed, by being thrown into a paroxysm of anger, or overwhelming fear. Our plastic medium inhales and exhales the Astral Light, or the vital breath of the earth, just as our body breathes the terrestrial atmosphere; and as, in some localities, the air is impure, and unfit to be breathed, so certain phenomenal circumstances may render the Astral Light unwholesome and incapable of being assimilated; and as the air in some places is too stimulating for certain organizations, but exactly suited to others, so it is with the Astral Light.

B. N. Acle, F. T. S.

Some Teachings of a German Mystic.

IV.

A SAILOR AND HIS LOVE.

[From the German of J. Kernning.]

Translated for The Path.

From Holland we have the following story: A mariner named Wipner had a sweetheart, and when, in the year 1760, he was pressed into the navy, he was obliged to leave her. At first he was like one stunned, and he heedlessly gave himself up to the ways of his rough associates. It soon, however, became evident that this would not assuage the anguish of his heart; on the contrary, in the midst of such rude diversions the picture of his loved one only came up the more vividly in the mirror of his memory.

His ship received orders to proceed to sea, sail round Cape Horn and cruise in the Pacific to discover new islands and routes of navigation. With the resignation of despair he saw the European coast fade away. "There is a shore where there is no parting; not until then shall I be happy," he sighed.

In this mood he lived for three years on ship-board without setting foot on shore. He was quiet in conduct and he attended to his duties with the greatest scrupulousness, so that he became a favorite with his superiors. He gave no thought to this; outside of his duties[1] his heart was possessed by but one feeling, the thought of his love and the hope soon to meet her in another world.

In the fourth year—it was the sixth of March—the ship lay at anchor. Wipner was sitting quietly at the bow; suddenly his eyes closed, but not in sleep, and he saw his sweetheart before him. He sprang to his feet and reached out his hand, but she had disappeared. He resumed his place, reflected over the apparition, and said to himself: "She is dead, and comes to tell me that she has entered the realm of love and happiness."

The following day the same experience was repeated, and now he ventured to speak to the apparition. His love seemed to beckon to him, but he could distinguish no words.

Things went this way for several months. Now, however, the vision appeared to him so perfectly that it was difficult for him not to take it for a living person; it also no longer vanished when he attempted to approach, but only withdrew to a certain distance.

At last, at the end of six months, during which the apparition visited

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[1] The law of spiritual development demands the strictest attention to all duties; the smallest as well as those which seem the greatest. See *Through the Gates of Gold.*

him daily, he heard her voice. She spoke to him about the joys of heaven, about the happiness of those who had loved each other, in that realm of bliss, and this filled his heart with such a longing for the other world that he would have cut short his days on earth had he not feared the sin. He even discussed this idea with her, but she counselled him against such a step as it would separate them for a long time. So he gradually became reconciled to his condition, and lived in the company of his love from the other world more happily than do many with their hearts' companions in this world.[1]

His strange conduct puzzled his shipmates, and the officers feared his reason might have been affected. The captain said: "Perhaps he is troubled by ambition: I have known such cases before. I will make him a sergeant and that will bring him to his senses."

This decision was communicated to Wipner, together with instructions for his new post. He, however, unconditionally declined the honor. "I cannot be severe," he said, "and I would become responsible for too much; I now confide in the consideration of my superiors and endeavor to do their will as best I can."

Later the captain, on account of his trustworthiness, expressed a desire to take him into his personal service. Wipner did not straightway decline this offer, but he remarked that in such a capacity he feared he might lose favor, for during several hours daily he was accustomed to live alone with his thoughts, during which contact with all external things affected him unpleasantly.

The captain did not insist, but he gave orders to have Wipner closely watched, that the cause of his strange conduct might be ascertained. Pains were taken to gain his confidence, and a portion of his secret was learned. "He sees spirits," the captain was informed, "and he holds intercourse with them several hours each day." The captain laughed and said that if that was all, he might be left to follow his fancy.

Wipner's spirit-love foretold all things to him that concerned himself, and several times it was his fortune to be, if not the saviour, at least a great benefactor of the entire ship's company, by giving a timely warning of impending misfortune. One evening he told the steersman that a great storm would break the next day, and that if precautions were not taken the ship would be lost. The officer felt a little offended at being cautioned, but he asked a few questions, one of which was an inquiry as to when the storm would gather. "In the second hour after mid-day," was the answer.

"From what direction?"

"From the south. If you allow yourself to be influenced by pre-

1 An instance of how the devachanic state may be experienced while living in the physical.

liminary gusts from the westward we shall be lost; if we are prepared for what comes from the south nothing can harm us."

"Who has told you all this?" he asked.

"That is of no concern; it is enough that I know it and feel it to be my duty to tell you."

"I will take the precautions called for," said the steersman, "and may God be with us!"

The captain was informed of this remarkable warning, and although he had no belief in such prophecies, he nevertheless gave orders to be prepared, since Wipner was a peculiar man. The next day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the sky began to darken. At two, the storm came with such sudden violence, that at first they could not tell from which quarter the wind blew. It came from this direction and that, and the sea was torn by its fury so that the waves were given a whirling motion. All at once however, the wind began to blow a gale from the southward, and had the steersman not given the ship its course beforehand in accordance with the anticipation of such a wind, the danger would have been extreme, as he himself confessed. The gale was weathered safely, and the captain declared that they were indebted to Wipner for much, if not for the very salvation of the ship.

One day Wipner said to one of the subordinate officers: "Tell the captain that day after to-morrow we shall have an exciting time. Three double-deckers will overhaul us, but courage and sagacity will save us. The first ship, if we offer no resistance but pretend that our crew is too small to fight, will board us; we can thus capture that one and make the others uncertain in their attack. They will approach, but our guns will damage one of them so badly that the third ship will lose courage, take flight and leave us the other two as good prizes. Tell the captain that I have said this, and it will turn out as predicted."

"A wonderful fellow, that Wipner," said the captain on hearing this: "If all this turns out to be true I shall hardly know what to think of him; we will make our preparations; foresight is better than regret."

It all happened just as Wipner said. At ten o'clock of the second day three ships appeared, flying the Portuguese flag, that nation laying claim to that part of the ocean and regarding all craft belonging to other countries as fair game. The captain concealed the greater part of his ship's company below, fully armed, and kept but a few of the weak-looking men on deck. Since there appeared no sign of resistance, the first ship sailed swiftly up to the Dutchman, and grappled her and took prisoners the few men on deck. Then the armed crowd below came pouring up, took the enemy by surprise, and in a few minutes had captured them with their ship. The other ships saw the turn of the fight and were staggered with astonishment; at

last they came up to the attack, but the Dutchman's cannon were so well aimed that one ship began to leak so badly it was obliged to desist from attack; the third took to flight and left the victors in possession of two well-manned and valuable double-deckers.

After this victory the captain called his ship's company together and said: "It would be wrong for me or any one of us, to claim the honor of this day; it belongs alone to our good comrade Wipner. He foretold the attack two days ago and at the same time outlined the plan of defence. To him we owe this victory over an enemy of more than double our strength. I shall announce his service to the government, that it may be fitly rewarded. But in immediate recognition of our debt I hereby make him shipmaster; in this post he is independent, his only duty being to provide for our needs, so that he can give free range to his desire to be of service to us."

"Hurrah for the captain! Hurrah for Wipner our shipmaster!" they all shouted.

It would be too much to attempt to describe all the experiences and prophecies of Wipner here; it is enough to say that he proved the ship's greatest benefactor, and the fortunate combats and the discoveries which it made upon its long voyage, were mainly owing to him. Fifteen years passed before the ship returned to Holland. Wipner secured an honorable discharge from the service and returned to his native village to pass the rest of his days. It was with sad heart that he recognized the scenes of his childhood, where he had parted from the girl he loved with no hope of seeing her again. He came to his old home. His father and mother were still living, and they could with difficulty comprehend how it was that their son whom they had long mourned as dead should return home. The affecting greeting over, the mother said: "Ah, how Else will rejoice when she hears the news; she has refused all suitors and always declared that only to you would she give her hand."

He looked at his mother astonished and said: "Else is dead and awaits me in Heaven; that I know."

"No," spoke his mother. "Else lives! I will send and let her know you are here."

"Wait a moment!" he interposed. "How can that be? For twelve years Else's spirit has been with me, and she tells me every day about the bliss of loving souls in the other life! How can it be possible that she still lives?"[1]

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1 A common mistake for mystics and seers, mediums and clairvoyants. Crystallizations of thoughts into apparitional forms, as well as the vivid pictures often assumed by ideas, are over and over again taken to be realities. It is seldom that the ordinary, natural clairvoyant is in fact "*behind the picture*" so as to be able to see from what it really proceeds.

"It is even so," said the father; she lives and has always been a good maid; she was kind to her old parents and cared for them all their lives, and when they died, she buried them with filial devotion. She has often come to us to help us like a daughter, and to console us when age, and our mourning for you, made our burden too heavy."

Wipner could not make this clear to his mind for some time. At last he decided to see Else, unbeknown to her, before speaking with her. He soon found opportunity, and he noted with sorrow the difference between the original and his spirit-love. The former had grown older by fifteen years; the latter, however, still preserved the looks of life's springtime, where all the magic of youth concentrates itself upon the cheeks to draw the heart of the lover closer to its own. He returned in sadness to his parents and said: "I hardly know what to do; the fair image that came to me daily so far surpasses the real Else that I fear that, on meeting her, I should not show such love as her genuine worth deserves. A heavy trial is before me and I know not how I shall pass the ordeal."

In the evening he sat sadly by himself, thinking of his strange fate when there appeared before him his spirit-love as before. He gazed enraptured on the lovely sight and his heart seemed dissolved in bliss. Determining to remain true to her, he perceived the words: "Hesitate not to fulfil thy promise!" He attempted to speak, but the apparition had vanished.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself.

"Keep thy promise!" said an inner voice in reply.

"Then I shall obey," he spoke aloud; "that which she says is infallible, and I may not disregard it."

The next day he sought Else, and after a long talk with her he offered his hand, married her, and hoped that the future would bring an explanation of the wonderful experience.

The story became known to many persons. Three years afterwards a stranger came to the village and asked Wipner about it. After hearing the full account, he said: "The Else who appeared to you is the image of your dear one which arose in your heart, and became manifest to you as a token of your love. Be true to it, for it is a witness to your restored inner life: follow its guidance as before, and it will serve yourself and your wife as a defence against misfortune, and make ready eternal bliss for you in the other life."

Answers to Questioners.

From C. H. V.

"Apollonius is said to have worn a mantle of wool to aid in insulating himself from the astral currents. Has wool in itself any such property as is seemingly ascribed to it? The question has this value, perhaps, whether the occult laws which govern the merely physical regulation of the toiler toward adept-ship, may not be of great value from a sanitary point of view and form, if properly understood, a useful medical creed."

Answer.—Wool in itself has no especial occult power. It is a non-absorbent to the exhalations of the human body; is lighter, cooler in hot and warmer in cold weather than any other fabric. The late discoveries of a German scientist prove it the best of all materials from a sanitary point of view. It is a conductor for electricity and other unseen forces. Apollonius, as well as other occult students, knew its value and uses. Being a student of nature's laws he was well aware of nature's requirements. Upon the knowledge gained by occult students touching the human body are founded all the schools of medicine. Bathing is essential, a woolen dress where permissible, as little animal food as possible, a sparing diet at best—a high ideal—an exalted motive and strong will, a total forgetting of self otherwise, and neither elementals or human beings will oppress one.

From J. C. V.

What is the true Will?
Is it a faculty of the soul?
How is it one with the Divine Will and how may we make our will at one with the Divine? Is it something which now we know not, or may we perceive its germ in our own Will, or is it an instinctive movement of the soul?

Answer.—The will as known to man is that force which he exerts for the accomplishment of his aims—he uses it blindly and ignorantly—and self is always the one for which he uses it. It is used as a brute force. As ordinarily used it has little tendency to lift the personality farther than the attainment of material results. It has for its source, the lower elements of the soul. The true will is a concentrated force working steadily yet gently, dominating both soul and person, having its source in the spirit and highest elements of the soul. It is never used for the gratification of self, is inspired by the highest of motives, is never interposed to violate a law, but works in harmony with the unseen as well as the seen. It is manifested through the human will for things visible.

(2.) It is more than a faculty of the soul, for it is the soul at work. The spirit is unmanifest except through the soul. The soul manifesting the spirit is the true will. The human will is the lowest form of this manifestation.

(3.) As the true will is the manifestation of the spirit through the soul, it must be at one with the divine, inasmuch as the spirit is the divine in man. It is the God in man, a portion of the all-pervading. Asserting itself through the soul, the true will is brought forth and in truth we say, "It is the will of God." We may make our finite wills at one with the divine by elevating our aim, using it for good or in the search for God, in striving to find how to use it in harmony with the laws of God. By proper use in the right direction the human will becomes purified, elevated, and being exerted only in conformity with our highest ideal, eventually becomes at one with the highest in man.

In our ordinary material state we know only the human will. Through the human will we reach the divine will. We become aware of the true will through the ordinary will just as we become aware of the soul through the body. It is not instinctive of the soul. The soul is father of the human will—the spirit is father of the true will.

From E. L. T.

"A great deal depends on purity of thought and motive," Oct. PATH, p. 220.

Please explain what should be the actuating motive in developing psychic capacities.

Answer.—The desire to find God, the desire to know one's self, our possibilities and capabilities, that we may be of true use to the world, these are the motives. The thought should be unselfish, undisturbed by material affairs—free from wonder seeking curiosity, concentrated, and in entire accord with the motive, the search for God.

Is Sinnett's explanation of the origin and extinction of "Intermediate Forms," accepted as being clear and satisfactory by the majority of students who are beginning the study of Buddhism?

Answer.—By the majority who are *beginning* yes—but not by those who are advanced.

Sinnett claims that Kama Loca is (like earth) a condition of unsatisfied longings, progressive idealization. It might be the "ne plus ultra" at the time of entrance, but how after a period of years?

Answer.—All these states may be entered into while in the body. The condition of unsatisfied longings does not cease except in Nirvana. Beyond a certain point the intellect is useless. Up to and at that point the intellect is increased in its powers. It is never decayed or paralyzed. It is useless because a better tool is used.

Do advanced students contemplate "Rupa Loka" and "Arupa Loka" as at present desirable conditions? If desirable then in what sense: absolutely or comparatively as regards earth life? Is Sinnett's statement of the entire satisfaction of the soul's longings, to be regarded as "Ex Cathedra," or is it only Sinnett's personal conception?

Answer.—All states and conditions above the ordinary material are desirable. In the absolute sense, any "conditioned" existence is undesirable. "Advanced students" try to be free from desires. "Rupaloka" means *place of form*; "Arupaloka," *place of no form*. There are many Lokas.

His statements are his personal interpretation of the teachings he has received. Read Nov. PATH, p. 252.

Are we to understand that the "medium" who provokes a representation of phenomena from departed spirits is thereby riveting the chains by which the said "spirit" is held fast to low conditions?

Answer.—Yes—as you use those words—but I do not call them "spirits."

Is Sinnett's use of the word "spirituality" to be used as synonymous with our word concientiousness?

Answer.—No.

Does he not rather use it in the sense of imaginative or intuitional capacity?

Answer.—No.

How do Buddhists regard this faculty as compared with conscientiousness, self-sacrifice and integrity?

Answer.—It is not a faculty. Concientiousness, self-sacrifice, integrity, duty, are all portions of the whole, which is spirituality.

Do they not accord respect and honor to preponderance of intellect over purity of heart?

Answer.—No, they honor intellect when governed by purity of heart.

How can I cultivate thought reading. The impressions received are involuntary?

Answer.—By continual exercise of the power. By concentrated thought in obedience to the will. By purifying the thoughts as well as the body. But your aim must be higher than the mere acquirement of a wonder-working power, or you will fail. With all the power you possess concentrate your thought upon the object you desire, and receive that which is given by what is termed intuition. ZADOK.

From M. E. C.

What steps must I take to open the heart so as to exercise the Will for governing the Astral body?

Answer.—There is but one way to open the heart. That is by living the life. It is a simple matter to govern the will, but this is not the true will. The governing of the Astral body is the smallest of the tasks of the true will. The will should be used to obtain wisdom, and when so used it will control the Astral body without effort. We should exert psychic powers

only to benefit others, never to free ourselves from the disagreeable. Let your aim be to find God; your motive, to know yourself for the sake of Theo Sophia and humanity; your desire, to help humanity, and the true Will will be developed, the heart opened and you will not only control the Astral body but all in the Astral. You must seek beyond the Astral for powers, but it is not wise to desire the acquisition of powers. Let your aim be beyond that, and the powers will grow of themselves. If the strong-willed or sick depress you, seek to aid each in some way, forget that you are depressed, *forget your self*, and they will not affect you. The life of the Occult student is full of sorrow, anguish and depressing influences. These go to make him a student in the Occult. A portion of his training is to become aware of these only in so far as they affect others. As to their affecting his own personality, he does not know they exist. If you desire to help humanity, then you possess the true motive. If you use your will in this cause, wisdom, peace and all the powers will be given.

ZADOK.

From Mrs. M. J. G.

"What is the effect of hasheesh?"

Answer—I have had no personal experience of hasheesh. The experiences of others told me, tally in all respects with the descriptions in Confessions of a Hasheesh Eater, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, who is said to have died from its use. They are most painful at first, in all cases, and after brief pleasures, return again to horrors, while the habit is even more tenacious and ruinous than that of drink.

"Does it open the door of the occult?"

Answer—It does not in any sane sense. Horrible visions or pleasant scenes are encountered but without meaning. As in taking anesthetics, what is felt or seen is valueless and contains no real spiritual teaching, any more than nightmares or dreams, nor can you rely upon seeing even the astral world correctly. You see your own disordered fancy chiefly, and are then in fact, a lunatic in the astral world.

JULIUS.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

IN INDIA.

Col. Olcott has returned from his extended tour in the North. He reached Calcutta in July, and there met again the celebrated Pandit Jibbananda Vidyasagara, from whose hands he received, in 1883, the sacred Brahmanical thread. The Pandit presented him with 150 volumes of his sanscrit publications for the Headquarters Library. After that Col. Olcott went to

Darjiling, and for the third time beheld the sublime peaks of the Himalayas. At Barisal, being detained, he lectured on Theosophy at the request of all the leading men, to 1,000 people. An extraordinary phenomenon occurs here called the "Barisal Gun." It is a sharp report like that of a heavy gun, followed by six others. It remains unexplained. This ghostly salvo of artillary greeted the President at the close of his lecture.

He returned to Adyar in time to meet Bro. Fullerton, of the New York Society, before return of the latter to this city.

An invitation from Japan has been extended to Col. Olcott to go there to preach Theosophy, and, after the convention in December, he expects to start.

At Ceylon the work of the Society proceeds under the care of Mr. Leadbeater. At a recent public meeting, the famous Singhalese orator, Megutiwatte Gunananda, presided, and delivered a stirring address upon the good the Society has been doing there. Megutiwatte is high in the favor of High Priest, Rev. Sumangala, so that again we are made to smile on reading Mr. Arnold's account of the high priest's reply when asked about Mahatmas.

IN ENGLAND.

There is a new Lodge here called "The Blavatsky Lodge," intended for those who especially desire to study the phase of the subject which they think that famous woman represents.

MME. BLAVATSKY is now living in London, where she is editing "Lucifer" and finishing "The Secret Doctrine." While she desires privacy, she still is a centre of attraction for the thoughts and visits of many Theosophists and inquirers.

IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK.—THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY has had regular meetings as usual. It held its first open sitting this winter on Nov. 22d, at which Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard read a paper on the "Fifth Principle in Man," to a large audience.

NEW ZEALAND.—Brother E. T. Sturdy, of Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, informs us that there is some interest in Theosophy there and that a Branch may soon be formed. He has just returned from a visit to India, and stopped at New York on his way to the South Pacific via San Francisco.

LOS ANGELES.—The Branch here, though small, is active.

THE ABRIDGEMENTS OF DISCUSSIONS, which stopped at No. 3, will shortly be resumed; and No. 4 is now in the printer's hands. *The Arjuna T. S.*, of St. Louis, and the *Krishna T. S.*, of Philadelphia, have joined the *Aryan* in getting these under way again. All Theosophists and Branches are invited to send condensed expressions of views, or questions, upon Theosophical subjects, to the Secretary, care of THE PATH, and they will be inserted in forthcoming Abridgements.

THE PURANA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, of Santa Cruz, California, was organized October 19, 1887, under charter dated July 27, 1887, with Mrs. L. Underwood McCann as President; Dr. W. W. Gamble, Vice-President; Dr. W. Scott Hall, Secretary; and Dr. Jennie M. Morgan, Treasurer.

There are many enquirers here and considerable interest in occultism.

BROTHER ALEXANDER FULLERTON, of the *Aryan T. S.*, who went to India last summer, has just returned from the Head-Quarters at Adyar, Madras, where he met the President-Founder, and many Hindu Theosophists. In London he called on Madame Blavatsky, and met Mrs. Sinnett, Mr. Keightly, and other European Theosophists: and during his two visits to Bombay, he was entertained by Brother Tukaram Tatya, the President of the Society there, through whose efforts mainly, the Bombay Society has published several books, and keeps up, in that quaint city, a free Theosophical Dispensary.

Brother Fullerton reports several changes in the Head-Quarters building, which is a large white structure situated on a plot of land twenty-one acres in area, the property of the Society. The front hall and piazza have been recently enlarged and enclosed for Convention meetings. An annex of two rooms has also been erected, the first being devoted to the Sanscrit Library, and the second to several oil paintings of Sages.

The convention in December will be, it is expected, the largest ever held at Head-Quarters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Oct. 27th, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATH:

DEAR SIR:—In view of the recent able articles in "*Lucifer*" apropos of the early significations of that title, your readers may be interested in a couple of extracts touching upon the more occult phase of the subject, to which Madame Blavatsky merely adverts for the moment by saying: "Whether this can explain anything is left to the reader's sagacity."[1]

In the writings of Eliphas Levi this further explanation is found:

"There is in Nature a force which never dies, and this force *perpetually transforms all beings in order to preserve them.*

"This force is the Reason, or the Word, of Nature.

"There exists also in man a force analogous to that of Nature, and this force is the Reason or the Word of man.

"The Word of man is the expression of his will, directed by his Reason.

"This Word is all powerful when it is reasonable, for it is then analogous to the Word of God himself.

"By his Word, man may become conqueror of life, and can triumph over death.

1 History of a Planet.

"The entire life of man is only the parturition or the miscarriage of his Word: Human beings who die without having understood and formulated the Word of Reason, died without eternal hope.

"The terrible and just force which perpetually destroys all these abortions, has been named Samaël by the Hebrews; Satan by the Orientals; and by the Latins, *Lucifer*."

Jacob Behmen, in his Threefold Life of Man, speaks of Lucifer in a chapter in which he declares in opening: "Our philosophers, in the schools of the third principle, of this world, do not understand; but the theosophers of the school of *Pentecost* understand it well."

"Consider the Center of the Earth, which God hath created by his Word even of the Center of the Deep Eternity, out of the Darkness, out of the Center of the desirous will, but not out of any *separate place*, but out of the space and depth, so far as the Word hath yielded itself unto the *Ether*; there hath the Centre been everywhere, and is so now, and remaineth so in Eternity for it hath been so from Eternity.

"And we understand by the Word (*Schuff*, which signifieth created) a separation of the essences, in the center, in the sour matrix: and therefore there is also such great diversity in the spirits, as there is great diversity in the will of the essences. * * And we give you highly to understand, the heavy fall of *Lucifer*; which was that he put his will back again into the matrix of the fire, in the Centre, and turned away from the will of the Eternal Mind, which tended only to the heart of God; * * and therefore he was thrust back also (into the darkness, into the anguishing mind) in the sinking down of death." (Elsewhere called the "coporeity of darkness," the weight sinking down below fire and cooling to matter.)

"But to satisfy the high enquiring mind, and to fill its apprehension concerning what moved *Lucifer* to this, we offer the matrix of the Genetrix to be considered; and there you find all the forms which can be found in the whole Nature.

"And as we have shown you already, concerning the seven forms of the *Center* of the Eternal Nature, where every form is a several well-spring of Nature; in like manner out of every form, out of every well-spring, go forth spirits.

"And the uppermost Principal Dominion proceedeth from the Head Source, which is a cause of the multiplicity therein, as the mind is a cause of the senses, (or various thoughts) and we entreat you to consider the matrix earnestly, wherein you shall quickly know the conceived Will of *Lucifer*, what it is in its original; how the creature hath imagined into the *matrix*, and suffered itself to be withheld there; and yet God created all Spirits in the Light.

"For we cannot know any otherwise than that *Lucifer* was created in the fourth form of the *matrix*; for there stand the anger and the love in opposition, and this is the strife and overcoming; where the *light overcometh* and holdeth the darkness captive. The fourth form is in the midst of the seven forms, and *may turn* itself to the three in the anger, or to the three in the Love of God, and is severally drawn and desired by each of the three."

By "anger" he says he means the "Fire life," and by "Love" the "Light life," of that original Substance which orientalists call the Astral Light, or Akasa. So this striving force, which "may turn" either way, shows us the contraries necessary to manifestation. Levi also says:

"When all was light, the light was nowhere: it filled the bosom of God, who was about to beget it.

"And when He said: Let there be Light! He permitted night to repel the light, and the universe sprang from chaos.

"The negation of the angel,[1] who being born, refused to be enslaved, established the equilibrium of the World, and the movement of the spheres began"

It seems that the Editors of *Lucifer* have done well to name their magazine after this Principle militant, which institutes in matter that strife of contraries which we call "Life," and so ensures to all the opportunity of evolution and Real Being. Perhaps Mercury, the Separator, the St. Michael who conquered Lucifer, and whom Behmen calls "Noise, Sound, Mercurie," is not a stranger to the mystic significance of Om.

Yours Truly,

J. CAMPBELL VER PLANCK, F. T. S.

TEA TABLE TALK.

Not so long ago a friend wrote me from a distance: "The atmosphere of this place is not favorable to occultism." He meant that the pleasures of material life abounded there and set up a bewildering confusion. The idea was a mistake, however, and one into which we all fall at the outset: it is natural then, but we outgrow it. This outward life, husk as it is, is still the sheath of the inward. It is a result in which the cause inheres: they are really one, but the outward dies and sloughs off. Occultism is not all learned in the meditation of the study, nor in the confines of asceticism. One way to knowledge lies through external life, its "happenings," its so called coincidences or chances. A writer apparently so remote from the occult as Draper is, still observes: "what we call chances are the workings of obscure laws; even of chances there is a law." As we watch daily occurrences, *free from personal desire, with our will awaiting the behest of the Perfect Law*, we see order in their groupings, see that they correlate, see a persistence in some which declares the existence of a governing energy, and marks them out as steps to be taken or lessons to be learned. These resemblances are not fortuitous; they concern our real nature. The laws from which they proceed are dictated by no power, human or divine: they are inherent necessities of Being, and to know them we study the nature of real Being, not only as it stands in the purity of the first cause, but as manifested in its results. The people about us, their ways, the difference between their

1 Referring to a previous legend of Lucifer, the Light Bearer, given in the magazine so named.

ideals and their actions ; the unconscious effect of their words and lives and the discord or harmony between these; the oscillation of mankind between heart and intellect and the realization of the sublime place of pause between them ; all this is prolific of true knowledge. What is the difference between politics, arts, religions, conventions, governments, frontiers and continents, but the difference between my mind and yours ? The mind of man has made them all ; they are subservient to it; they mirror its varying attachments and ideals. They are all germinally contained in any one mind, and the supernal power of Om can evolve all from it.

Every atmosphere favors occultism; for it must be in everything, this universal Truth we seek. God present in all things in the omnipresent Truth, must exist in ourselves. This primary instrument of search is always by us. In the locked book of an earnest student I was once allowed to read a dream which made this fact very vivid, and I am permitted to give it here. because it is of great practical wisdom to answer the queries of one student by the experience of another when possible : it brings them closer and makes the facts more real to the individual mind.

This is a dream of the night. It was in that chill dark hour before the dawning, and a Great Spirit stood by my side. Veiled was his face lest it blind me, but his voice surged through me as the west wind through the pines, or the long roll of ocean on the coast.

"Seekest thou still the mysterious Law ?" he questioned. And bowing my soul before him I answered. "Yea, Master ; I live for the Eternal only, but I find nor guide nor teacher, and barren is the way."

Then a warmth as of sympathy informed those divine accents, and He said : "Listen ! In the day that is breaking a golden clue will be sent thee. Between sunrise and sunset thine opportunity will greet thee. Seek it, and know the Law." So spake He and merged into the sunrise and the world bathed in rosy light. Then I hailed that day as glorious, and rose, and bathed myself in clear waters, and robed myself as for a King's coming and sat down to await the promised vision that should guide me to the Immortal. Noon came, and brought it not, and the day was half spent. Then a doubt lurked at my side and mocked me, and I feared that among common daily things and homely surroundings, the Wonder would never come to me, and I arose and went out among men, in the huge warring tumult of things. But the human stream ran high and I scarce kept my feet, so that I struggled with them for life and its issues ; my robes were torn and my serenity overthrown. While I battled a shadow fell upon me, and behold, it was the twilight hour ! Gone was the day ! Lost was my Hope ! Then darkness swallowed me up, and I was utterly forgotten therein, and dusky shapes preyed upon me till my soul cried aloud from the deeps. A far voice answered that cry and said : "Hast thou learned the mystery ?" Weeping I made answer : "Master ! It came not."

"Thou blind disciple !" said the Master, "Life is the mystery ; each day is in itself a clue and all days are one, and in each clue is the whole. While thou sittest awaiting the Wonder, it waits with thee, for thou art the Wonder.

Thy Being is the opportunity thou seekest, and it enshrines the Law by which it is. Understand it and thou needest not me ; thou shalt learn of a greater than I, for Life is greater than any, it is all !"

The benignant voice thrilled down the departing shades and I saluted the new day, for the days and the nights are the rays of the Eternal.

This is a dream, yet not a dream. Understand, thou faithful heart and do homage to each sovereign day! "

One thing that shows me the enormous reach and persistence of occultism is seeing how its symbols have come down to this gross and unthinking age —for in a spiritual sense, the mass of men do little or no thinking. I do not by "spiritual sense," mean a religious or doctrinal or even an ethical sense. some religions are spirit materialized. To think spiritually is to feel and to know the action of etherial forces ; it is to quaff the water of life from the causal fountain.

See then how these signs and symbols crowd our walls, our advertisements, carpet our floors, and invade our churches, planting the flag of opposition, the symbol of symbols, in the gilded cross upon their steeples. The freight trains rolling by have the circle and the triangle, the cross with or without the rose,the magic cube upon them in varied combinations. Our playing cards ape the creative gods and tell their story. The maids in the kitchen interpret their dreams and their tea cups by occult rules. The farmer consults the moon and plants and sows by them. The aged toll gate woman in her folk's tales and her superstitions as she gossips with me, does it homage unawares.

Our forks, our goblets, our swords are occult signs. So too are our tastes and fancies. Why does the young girl wear this color and reject that ? The flowers, her evanescent sisters, have the same reason. Why does one chord crash in upon the nerves and another set our hearts to thrilling like a bird's throat in June ? Everywhere the leaven works. In all things the occult looks out with invisible cap on, smiling at our blindness. I am in all things—says the Universal Spirit in Bhagavad-Gita. When we are not learning this in one way, we are in another. Our being brought by ways of life to this place or that is but a change of lesson, a passage into a different class room. The most trivial event has its occult bearing : it is our business in life to seek it out.

Nothing is trifling : all is a clue : no time is lost unless I will it so ; every hour, every change is a new opportunity.

Even as I write, I have an instance of the truth of our natural instincts.

A mother and her boy are near me, the latter a splendid, fearless, starry eyed child, still in his little kilt skirts and the baby down not worn off his four year old cheeks. He has moods of reflection : this is one of them ; he is planted in front of his mother like a ruthless inquisitor : his baby accents I will not attempt to spell, but his grammar is a thing of beauty unadorned.

"Muvver, Say, Muvver. When you go to Devil, am you go by railroad cars ?"

"Mercy ! Where did you ever hear such things ?"

"When I die, am I gone down big hole ?"

"Yes."

"And go to God, doo n't we ?"

"Oh yes, Dear."

"Does God be down the hole too ?"

"No, God is in heaven."

"Did oo telled me a story when oo said God be-ed all round everywhere ?"

"You don't understand." (Aside to me :"I don't myself !") "Run away and play now."

"What me go down old dark hole for when God ain't not there?"

"It is n't *you* that is down the dark hole."

"*I ain't me ?*" (Gives his curls a puzzled toss and shows signs of gathering temper. Bun's temper is no small thing, so his mother capitulates and takes him on her lap.) "Don't you know that little thing inside of you that tells you when you've been a bad boy ?"

"Yes : *nasty* wittle sing."

"Well, that's you. Your body goes down the hole, and that little thing goes straight up to God."

"How do it get out of me ? Does I throw it up ?"

Seeing signs of collapse in his Mother I interpolate : "It flies up like a bird out of a nest. You're the nest ; your thinker inside of you is the bird."

For this information I receive a beaming smile. The inquisitor then gives his victim another turn of the thumb screws.

"Why did little bruvver died ? Did oo *want* him down dark hole ?"

There is a pause ; one of those little moments which make a coward of a man. Then a voice with a tremble in it answers : "My Darling ; God gave your little brother to me and then he wanted him back, so he took him."

"What do God want us all for, anyway ? Has him tooken Mollie ?" (A very diminutive playmate, off on a visit. This is satisfactorially explained.)

"I 'spose God ain't ready for her ; her's too little for him to grab her. If oo goes to Devil by railroad cars, I'd ravver go to Devil."

"Hush ! You're too little to understand now, my Son, but you will some day."

"*No.* Don't believe we get to God by bein' put in dark hole ; ain't *never* goin' to believe it : *NEVER.*"

Bless his little heart, I don't believe he ever will think it ! Why don't we teach these little ones that God is life, aud that life, not death, is our opportunity to find him ? Why not point out to them the joys, as well as the pains of the "nasty little thing" called conscience within them ? The simple, beautiful Truth is at our hand. We may find much of it in the Christmas peal of bells, aye, in sermons whose preacher knows not the real, living meaning behind his words, or in December's voices of peace and good will, which overflowing stone walls and creeds, and hearts, and sorrows, and silent places where darkness broods and breeds, and discords deep as hell, and human pride as high as heaven, blend in that omnipotent harmony which is the whole. He who beholds the glory of the occult sees the glory of God, knows the worlds to be one, and himself one with them, in Eternal Unity. He realizes true love of all his fellow men to be the love of God and finds the ineffable "Peace which passeth all understanding."

May the New Year bring you, Brothers, to that Peace, and may you cross beyond the sea of darkness to the fearless shore.[1] JULIUS.

That word which all the Vedas record, which all penances proclaim, which men desire when they live as religious students, that word I tell thee briefly, it is

OM.

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1 Upanishads.